

THE MATHEWS JOURNAL.

VOL. III.

MATHEWS C. H., VA., THURSDAY DECEMBER 21, 1905.

NO. 2.

L. E. MUMFORD, Pres. SANDS SMITH, Vice-Pres. J. P. NOTTINGHAM, Cash.

The L. E. Mumford Banking Co.

Paid Up Capital \$120,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$75,000

MATHEWS C. H., VA.

Solicits the accounts of firms and individuals and offers to customers every accommodation consistent with good banking

Interest Allowed On Savings Accounts.
All Money In Vault Covered By Burglar Insurance

Hours: 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.

OLD DOMINION LINE.

BETWEEN

Norfolk, Gloucester, and Mathews Counties.

Steamer "Mobjack."

	Mon. Wed. and Fri.	Tues. Thurs. and Sat.
Lv. Norfolk (O. D. Wharf).....	A. M.	A. M.
Portsmouth (North St. Wharf).....	6 30	6 30
Norfolk (Bay Line Wharf).....	6 45	6 45
Old Point.....	7 00	7 00
Phillips' Wharf, East River.....	8 00	8 00
Williams' Wharf, East River.....	10 00	10 00
Hicks' Wharf, East River.....	10 15	10 15
Diggs' Wharf, East River.....	10 30	10 30
Roane's Wharf, Ware River.....	11 00	11 00
Smith's Wharf, Ware River.....		12 20
Hockley, Ware River.....		12 40
Auburn Wharf, North River.....	12 00	
Dixonside, North River.....	12 15	
Severn Wharf, Severn River.....	1 00	
Old Point (Government Wharf).....	5 00	5 00
Norfolk (Bay Line Wharf).....	6 00	6 00
Norfolk (O. D. Pier No. 1).....	6 15	6 15
Portsmouth (North St. Wharf).....	6 30	6 30
Norfolk (Old D. Pier No. 3).....	6 45	6 45
	P. M.	P. M.

Night Line.

Every Evening Between Norfolk and Richmond.
STEAMERS BERKLEY and BRANDON.

Leave Norfolk 7 00 P. M. } Daily Including Sunday.
Leave Richmond 7 00 P. M. }

Main Line. FROM NORFOLK.

Steamships Leave 7 p. m., Sunday Excepted.

Arrive in New York, 3 00 P. M., following afternoon.
Leave New York, 8 00 P. M., (Sunday excepted.)
Arrive in Norfolk, 10 00 A. M., following morning.

FARE—First class, one way, \$8.00, meals and stateroom and berth included; round trip, limit thirty days, \$14.00.
TICKETS and STATEROOMS at ticket office, 2 Granby street, in Atlantic Hotel Building, or at Company's office, on the wharf, Norfolk, Va. All schedules subject to change without notice.

M. B. CROWELL, General Agent, Norfolk, Va.
H. B. WALKER, V. P. & T. M., New York.

CHESAPEAKE STEAMSHIP COMPANY

York River Line

United States mail passenger steamers, Charlotte and Baltimore, between West Point and Baltimore.
Steamers leaving West Point Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and leaving Baltimore Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday call at Yorktown and Clay Bank in each direction.

Steamers leaving West Point on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and leaving Baltimore Monday, Wednesday and Friday call at Gloucester Point and Almonds in each direction (weather permitting).
Steamers leave West Point daily except Sunday at 5 30 P. M.
Steamers leave Baltimore for West Point daily except Sunday at 5 30 P. M.

Chesapeake Line

Elegant passenger steamers Augusta and Atlanta between Norfolk, Old Point Comfort and Baltimore.
Steamers leave Baltimore at 6 00 P. M. arrive Old Point 6 00 A. M. arrive Norfolk 7 15 A. M. daily except Sunday.
Steamers leave Norfolk 6 00 P. M., Old Point Comfort 7 00 P. M. arriving Baltimore 7 30 A. M. daily except Sunday.

For full information apply to E. T. Lamb, G. A., Norfolk, Va., Stanton Curtis, P. A., Norfolk, Va., G. W. Topping, Agt. Old Point Comfort, R. C. Carden, Agt. West Point, or General Office 530 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

REUBEN FOSTER, Gen. Manager. E. J. CHISM, Gen. Pass. Agt. T. H. McDANIEL, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

Dr. A. M. Marchant, DENTIST,

Office At Mathews C. H.

Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Leslie C. Garnett, Attorney-at-Law,

Mathews, Va.

Will practice in the Courts of the Counties of Mathews, Middlesex and Gloucester.

F. THEO. MILLER, Mathews C. H. Photographing

Of all kinds. Pictures enlarged, best style. Gold and Silver soldering for Spectacles and Jewelry. Watch and Clock repair. Bicycle work, supplies.

Apple Trees 135 Years Old.

An apple from a tree at least 135 years old was brought to the American office this week by Josiah H. Higgins of Ellsworth.

When his grandfather, Levi Higgins, moved from Eastham, on Cape Cod, to Maine, in 1770, he brought with him this apple tree, and set it out on the place at Hull's Cove, in what is now the town of Eden. There Mr. Higgins, and his father before him, both born on the place, ate the fruit. He is interested to know if there is an older tree in the country still bearing apples. Ellsworth

Salutes and Corsets.

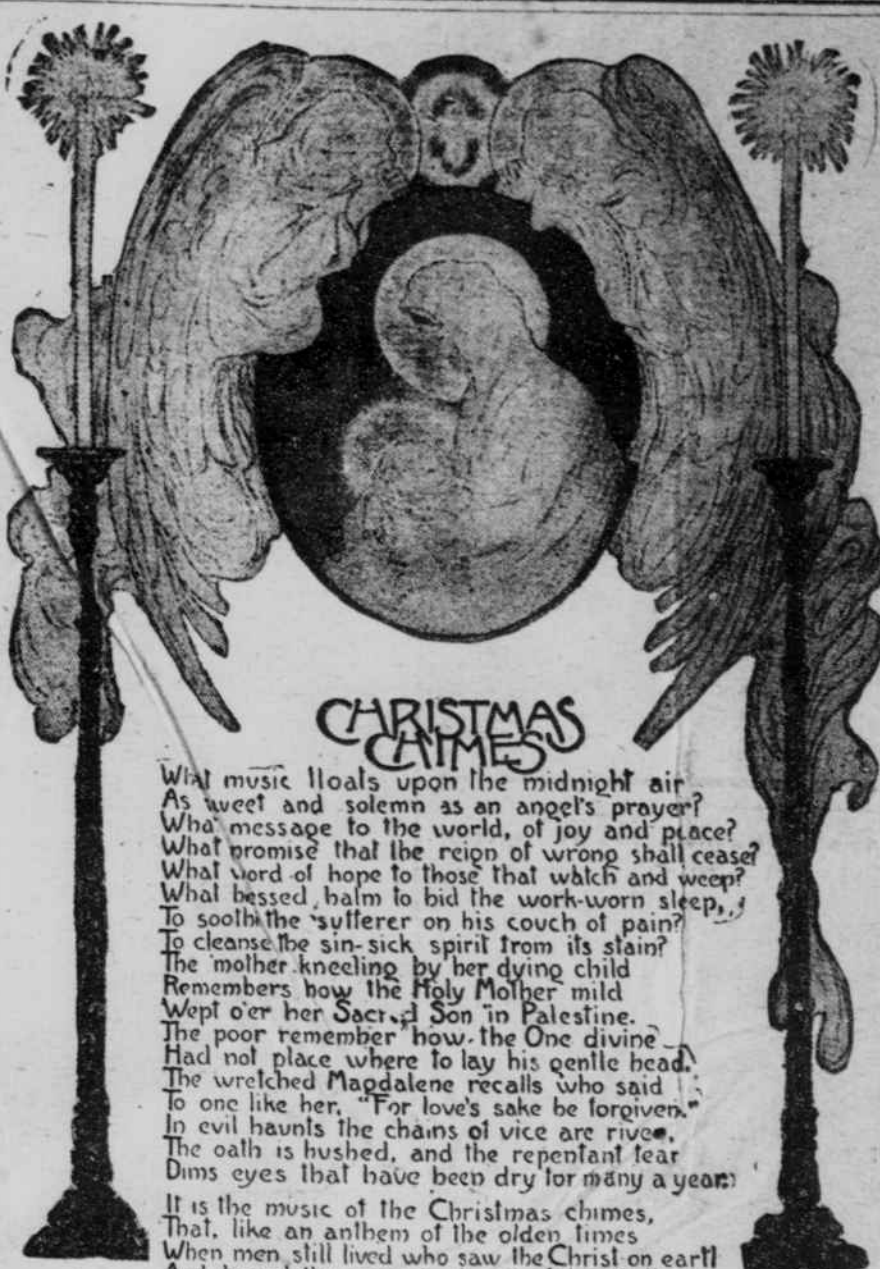
Among the odd official decisions published in Berlin is that of the Prussian railway administration on a point of etiquette advanced by a station master on the lower Rhine, who asked for a ruling as to whether the young women subordinates in his office should not recognize him first on the street, instead of waiting to be saluted, according to the prevailing custom. The government directed the station master to salute first.

The principal of the girls' high school at Searbruck inquired of the provincial government if she was authorized to forbid young women to wear corsets during gymnastic exercises. The government authorized their rigid prohibition.—New York Tribune.

Swan Good Foster Mother.

The most interesting example of foster parentage in which a bird was concerned occurred many years ago in Scandinavia, and is a case which has been more than once cited as an instance of animal gratitude.

A peasant found a wild swan frozen fast in a lake. He took the bird home, revived it and made it a domestic pet. One very wild night his wife died. The husband, in despair for his baby's life, remembered his pet swan, which was in the habit of reposing before the kitchen fire. Taking the tiny child downstairs, he placed it beside the swan, which, seeming to understand what was required, spread its wings over the baby and kept it alive and warm many hours.



What music floats upon the midnight air
As sweet and solemn as an angel's prayer
Who message to the world of joy and peace
What promise that the reign of wrong shall cease
What word of hope to those that wail and weep
What balm to bid the work-worn sleep
To soothe the sufferer on his couch of pain
To cleanse the sin-sick spirit from its stain
The mother kneeling by her dying child
Remembers how the Holy Mother mild
Wept over her Sacred Son in Palestine
The poor remember how the One divine
Had not place where to lay his gentle head.
The wretched Magdalene recalls who said
To one like her, "For love's sake be forgiven."
In evil haunts the chains of vice are riven
The oath is hushed, and the repentant fear
Dims eyes that have been dry for many a year.
It is the music of the Christmas chimes,
That, like an anthem of the older times,
When men still lived who saw the Christ on earth
And heard the seraph choral of his birth,
Repeats the gracious promise yet again,
There shall be peace on earth, good-will to men.



The Shepherd
A Christmas Story
By Temple Bailey

THE boy's lantern glowed like a will-o'-the-wisp as he came down the dark mountain path to the little church. Soon other lanterns joined his, and now and then the flickering lights played on the bright dress of a girl or the eager face of a child, but for the most part the shadowy figures gave no hint of race or degree, until at last the little crowd gathered into a poorly lighted room, where the flare of an oil lamp showed a motley gathering of country people, a few rude benches, a platform screened by a curtain of Turkey red, and an attempt at decoration which resulted in beauty because nothing could spoil the vividness of the mountain holly or the grace of the ground pine.

As the boy stooped toward a seat a girl stopped him. She wore a pink knitted hood and her cheeks rivalled the color of the head covering.
"Merry Christmas," she said, and gave him a coquettish glance from her bright eyes as he returned her greeting.
The boy walked by her side a little awkwardly, but unafraid. He was nineteen, and he lived on the hills. It was the time for love, and the girl was his chosen mate. After the festivities they would go up the dark path together and he would kiss her at the door of her father's cabin, and that would be their betrothal.

They sat together on the front bench and read from the same hymn book. The boy sang softly. He would not let out his voice in the little room; it was only on the mountain top that the deep tones rang like a bell as he chanted a wild song to his sheep.

The thought of the sheep brought uneasiness. Up there on the mountain his flock lay waiting for him to come and open to them the shelter of their shed, but the temptation to go a-peeping had been great, and the smile of the pink-checked girl, the music, the lights, the companionship, had lured him from the lonely watch under the stars.

Then the girl whispered to him, and he forgot care, until a little later an outer door opened, and a man stepped in, his shoulders white with glistening flakes.

"It's snowin'," said the boy.
The girl nodded, but kept her eyes on the stage, where four small girls recited a Christmas poem in unison.

Again the boy's thoughts flew to the mountain, where the snow was blowing and curling and drifting against a closed door, and where the patient flock, nose to nose and body to body for warmth, bleated for the shepherd.



herd who did not come.
At last he moved restlessly. "I've got to go," he said to the girl.
"No, you hain't," her voice pleaded.
"It's a fearful storm," he whispered.
"Hear the wind, an' the sheep are out." "They hain't a-goin' to hurt," she whispered back, "an' you got to go home with me."

"Your pap's here," he said.
"If you don't stay," and now she threatened querulously, "if you don't stay, I'll go home with Jed."
The boy looked at her, at her rosy cheeks, at her blue eyes, at the thin line of her scarlet lips. "But the sheep," he said, uncertainly.

She smiled, sure now of her conquest. "I tell you them sheep hain't a-goin' to hurt," she repeated, and once more turned her attention to the platform. The new minister was speaking enthusiastically, yearning to move this lethargic people. The boy listened with face alight. Through the long hours of his childhood he had sat in the sunshine and dreamed of great deeds. With the awakened impulses of youth he had tramped the forest and wondered what life meant to the men who were not of the mountains. And now he knew, for the minister was voicing the doctrine of endeavor. It was not emotion that made the world better, but energy; one must not only dream, but one must do. The great men were those who were faithful in the little things.

"Remember that to-night we make merry," he said finally, "but in the year to come we must work—work for the souls that are within the fold; and as the shepherd cares for his sheep, so must we care for those who are astray."

"As the shepherd cares for his sheep," The words struck the boy with the force of a blow. He half rose in his seat, but the girl reached out a restraining hand.
"Stay," she commanded, but the boy looked at her with unseeing eyes.
"I go to find my sheep," he said, and left her.

He found them in a close gray bunch against the shed. The wind howled around them, and the snow piled over them, and those that were nearest the door stumbled in stiffly when the boy unlocked it.

Inside was a rude fireplace, and wood was piled beside it. The boy built a great fire, and the flock, retreating before the blaze, lay down in the trodden straw with soft sounds of content. Then the boy brought in two weak ewes and laid them close to the flames and watched them anxiously until they revived and staggered back to their fellows.

For a long time after that the boy sat in front of the fire and thought of the girl. She would go home with his rival and they would part at the door. The boy's face flushed and his hand clinched as he thought of that parting. Would she—He rose and went to the door and flung it open. Outside the stars were blotted out, the wind raged and the snow swirled. He felt as if between him and the girl there was the barrier of an unknown world. He had done his duty, and she had not understood. If she cast him off for that, let her go. He had cared for his sheep.

He went in and lay down in front of the fire, with his greatest dream over him.
"Let them

roaring flame. "Let her go, let her go," raged the wind outside. Then came the soft consolation from within, "You cared for the sheep, you cared for the sheep."

And so he fell asleep comforted, but his cheeks were wet.
In the morning he broke a path down the mountain. The sun shone and the sky was blue and the world sparkled after the storm. When he reached a certain clearing he stopped and looked over the glistening expanse toward the girl's house. Suddenly his eye was caught by a flash of pink. Through that white, white world the girl was coming to meet him!

As she came up he put out both hands, and took her smaller ones in his. "I had to go," he said.

The girl felt a new dignity in his manner. She blushed and trembled, then her lips quivered. "I went home with pap," she sobbed, her cheek against his coat.

Into his face came all the tenderness of awakened manhood; his rough fingers laid back a little curl that blew about her white temple, his voice thrilled.

"I'm glad you didn't go home with Jed," he said simply, "an' that you knew just how I was a-feelin'."

She did not know, would never know, what that night had meant to him, for it is not given to such women to touch the depths of a man's soul experience; but she knew love, and so he missed nothing, as in the stillness of the perfect Christmas morning she raised her radiant face to his—Woman's Home Companion.

TOO MUCH!



Dignity Daily—"Pick up your club, Willie; here comes a guy who looks like he's goin' to wish us a Merry Christmas!"—New York Journal.

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS

Most of us know that the Christmas tree comes to us direct from Germany. And we know of the tree worship of the Druids which obtained in England some influence on the later use of the tree in the Christian festival. But we do not all know that a similar festival with the tree as a crowning feature is observed among many heathen nations, and that it comes from sun worship, which is older than history. The revival of the sun after the winter solstice has ever been the subject of rejoicing and of celebration by ceremonies which represent the new light brought back to the world. Our tree, with its small candles, its gilded knickknacks and toys for the children, is a direct descendant of this old festival in honor of the sun.

Traces of it exist in Iceland, where the "service tree" is found adorned with burning lights during Christmas night. The English yule-log is a faint survival of this festival. But it is beyond these that I wish to draw your attention, back further even than the Druid mysteries of the Gallic forests. It is to China, that home of all wonders and of all history. It has been shown that as long ago as 247 B. C. a tree with a hundred lamps and flowers was placed on the steps of the audience hall. This appears again in the records of Princess Yang, who lived 713-755 A. D., and who caused a hundred-lamp tree eighty feet high to be erected on a mountain. It was lighted during New Year's night, and the illumination was seen for hundreds of miles, eclipsing the light of the moon.

This candle tree is no longer lighted in China, being replaced by an unusual number of lanterns, which are hung everywhere. A suggestion of the tree, however, still survives in Japan. At the New Year two evergreen trees are placed without, on either side of the door. Their tops are tied together with the sacred band of straw, and various objects, dried lobsters and oranges are fastened to their branches. —Stewart Culin, in the University of Pennsylvania, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Lo, now is come our joyful feast!
Let every man be jolly
Each room with yule leaves is drest;
And every host will holly
Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke;
And Christmas blocks are burning
Their cinders they will heat many a shoe,
And all their gifts are turning
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold, it isn't due,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas bye,
And evermore be merry.

Wilbur's Juvenile.



—Drawn For the Christmas Brevier by Miss E. M. Brison.
"AND THERE WERE SHEPHERDS ABIDING IN THE FIELD KEEPING WATCH OVER THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT."

A Surprise For Father Christmas.
"Dear me, how very strange this is!"
So Father Christmas cries
"Whose can these small red stockings be,
This very curious size?"

"While traveling round the world, I've seen
Of stockings many a score,
But never till to-night have found
Such tiny ones before."

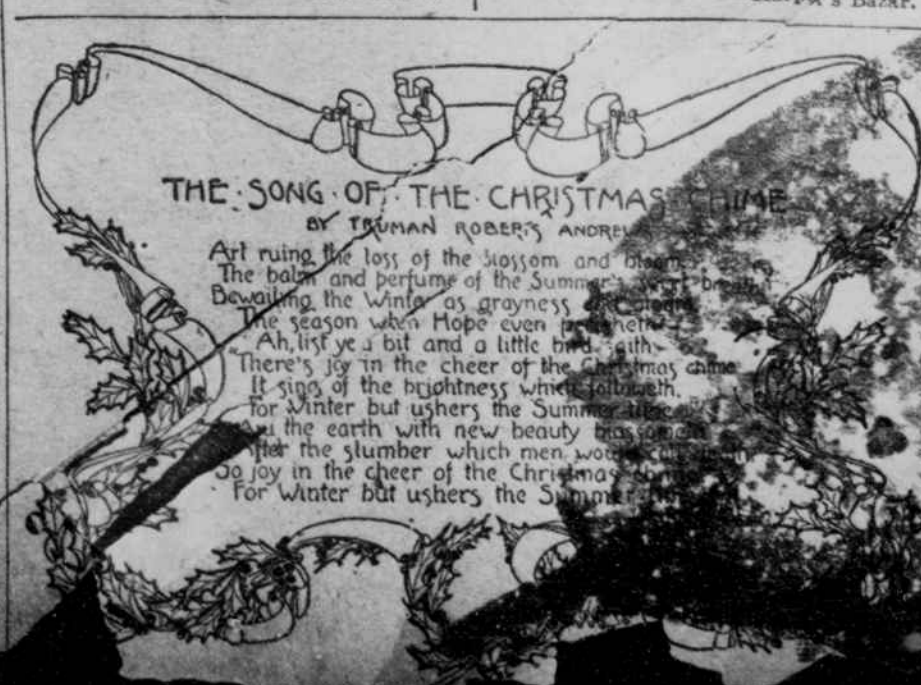
Gladys was tucked up fast asleep;
Her doll, too, was in bed;
But Dolly's eyes were open wide,
And she heard what he said.

She sat right up and called (dolls talk
On Christmas night, you see)—
"They are mine, those stockings; Gladys
Has hung them there for me!"
—The Beacon.

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen!
(Old English Carol.)
God rest you, merry gentlemen!
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we are gone astray,
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.

An Explanation.
The holly wreaths hung on the wall,
With shining leaves of glossy green;
And baby Polly's fingers small
Patted the berries scarlet seen.

With sparkling eyes and cheeks aglow,
She cried: "Mamma, mamma, I say,
Just see the berries! Now I know
Why Christmas is a holly day."
—Harper's Bazar.



THE SONG OF THE CHRISTMAS TIME

BY THOMAS ROBERTS AND OTHERS.

Art ruling the loss of the joyous and bright
The balmy and perfume of the summer's day
Bowling the winter as grayness and gloom
The season when hope even is gone
Ah, life is a bit and a little bit
There's joy in the cheer of the Christmas time
It sings of the brightness and cheer
For winter but ushers the summer again
The earth with new beauty is clad
The slumber which men would not wake
Do joy in the cheer of the Christmas time
For winter but ushers the summer again